A

CONGRATULATORY POEM

To the REVEREND

Dr. John Tillotson,

UPON HIS

PROMOTION

TO THE

ARCH-EPISCOPAL-SEE

OF

CANTERBURY.

By Mr. TUTCHIN.

In contradiction of yis Archbp.

LONDON,
Printed for W. Haite. MDCXCI.

9. June.

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A Congratulatory POEM, &c.

WHilſt Prieſtly Pens the Glorious Theam decline,
And at their Loſs, or at your Fate repine;
And College-Wits no Tuneful Notes expreſs,
Are drunk in Faction, or unskill'd in Verſe;
I, who the *Levite* ſeldome did adore,
And ſcarce e're knew a Prieſt I lov'd before,
Do to your Fame a juſter Tribute bring,
At once the Prelate and his Virtues ſing.

'Twas but of late my Warbling Lute I ſtrung,
And Mighty *Orange* in juſt Numbers ſung;
Did with the wondring World in Notes rejoyce,
And Prais'd our Makers and the Peoples Choice;
Now the dear ſweets of freſher Joys commence,
And for the Prelate we muſt bleſs the Prince.
Methinks the Virtue of our Land appears
After the Luxury of Thirty Years,
When cloſe Opinions ſet the Prelate forth,
And 'twas his Faction rais'd him, not his worth.
A juſter Path our Righteous Prince did tread,
Deſtin'd the Mitre for a Nobler Head:
He ſhall Unvanquiſh'd on the Plain Command,
When ſuch a Biſhop does ſupport his Hand.

Home from the Wars ſhall laſting Trophies bear,
~~For Heav'n will grant a Righteous Prelate's Pray'r.~~
On you, Great Sir, our Pious Hopes depend,
Your Learning muſt our Rational Faith defend;
We fear no Fate, reſolv'd to overcome,
Beneath your Banner, who have Conquer'd *Rome*.
Whilſt Mighty *William* draws his Shining Sword,
To Fight God's Battels, you Maintain his Word;
He, Skill'd in War, with Manly Prowess Arm'd,
Has each Good Man and every Nation Charm'd;
Your Skill in Argument is not unknown,
Nor the great Feats your Artful Pen has done;
Although Religion ſeem'd to bid adieu,
It's Reſurrection we expect from you.
Religion firſt with dazling Rays did Shine,
Her Shape was Comely, and her Face Divine;
Her Native Beauty each Admirer warm'd,
E're Stains of Error had her Mein deform'd,
And Clouds of Ignorance, that Truth o'erſpread,
Hover'd in Gloomy Circles round her Head.
You are the Sun that muſt diſpel theſe Miſts,
Revive Religion, and Reform our Prieſts;
Curb all our Vices, and Impede their Growth,
So long Debauch'd in Luxury and Sloth.
You are the *Moſes* muſt our Factions quell,
And ſtop the Murmuring of our *Iſrael*.
At your Advancement Pious Souls Rejoice,
No more the Monarchs than the Peoples Choice.
Before the King's Decree was fully known,
Methought each Look Declar'd for *Tillotſon*:
But when 'twas known, each Man his Joy Expreſt,
And Thank'd the Monarch for ſo good a Prieſt.
Each diſtant place receiv'd the joyful ſound,
Where the glad News a Hearty Welcome found.

Tho'

Tho' diff'rent Sects too much infeſt our Land,
And with hot Zeal for either Party ſtand;
Tho' the Devotes too Mad and Rigid are,
There ne're appear'd a Raſh Diſſenter here.
The Prelate all approve, the Man Careſs,
And for his Choice their Rightful Monarch Bleſs.

Let Envious Prieſts your Glories ſtrive to blaſt,
Fixt as ſome Rock your Memory ſhall laſt.
No ſtubborn *Levite* ſhall moleſt your Fame,
But yours ſhall grow, as Mighty *William*'s Name.
The Stubborn *Levites* are our Land's diſgrace,
A Haughty, Proud, and a Contentious Race;
Byaſs'd in Judgment, Turbulent in Mind,
No King can Pleaſe, nor Acts of Grace can Bind;
Promote our Wars with vaſt Expence of Blood,
Prefer their Humour to their Countries Good;
If theſe Reproach, the Venom of their Gall
Beneath the weight of your Contempt muſt fall.
All the Reproaches of the Wicked muſt
Tend to the Praiſes of the Good and Juſt.
Who knows the Vice to Envy does belong,
Wou'd loathe the Slanders of a Railing Tongue:
The Glory of your Virtue ſhines more bright,
And ſcorns the Darkneſs of approaching Night:
'Tis not the Tainted Breath of Envious Fame,
Can Blaſt the Beauties of your Spotleſs Name;
You need not value what the Gloomy ſay,
The Clouds may Darken, not Obſtruct the day.
The Lofty Pine, with Head Erect, does grow,
Nor heeds the Motion of the Shrubs below.
On in its courſe the conſtant Moon ſtill jogs,
Diſdains the Barking Neighbourhood of Dogs.

When Virtue is oppos'd by Vicious Might,
It ſhews its force, and ſhines with double Light.
Virtue, like *Camomile* oppreſs'd, ſtill lives,
The more 'tis trampled on, the better Scent it gives.
What though you're Hated and Contemn'd by Few,
The Many to your Cauſe and Faith are true;
In vain the Bad their weak diſguſt expreſt,
Since you are Lov'd, Supported by the Beſt.
Scarce had our Royal Pair a greater Train,
To give the Scepter of a Gentle Reign,
Than that the Prelate has ſo lately grac'd,
Who gave the *Croſier* and the *Miter* plac'd;
The Noble Throng led the Imperial Way,
Scarce could *Melvin*'s Charms Command their Stay;
To ſee the Rites perform'd they all Reſort,
Leſs'ning the Numbers of the Crowded Court.

From ev'ry part the glad Admirers throng,
And Bleſs the Prelate as they paſs along.
Thus once the Ranſom'd People fill'd the Strand,
O'reſpread the Beach, to ſee Great *ORANGE* Land;
He brought Ten Thouſand Bleſſings to the Shoar,
Great as the Miſeries we felt before,
Remov'd our Scourges, and Deſtroy'd our Rods,
And Triumph'd o're our Wooden Prieſts and Gods.
The joyful People ſoon his Praiſes ſing,
With one united Shout Proclaim him King.
Scarce did they more Rejoyce to ſee the Crown
Plac'd on a Head was Choſen by their own,
Than now they Triumph when the *Miter's* given,
To one approv'd by People, Prince, and Heav'n.
But now, my Lord! the Mighty Work is done,
And Heav'n with Bleſſings does the Action Crown;

The joyful News fills every diſtant Plain,
And glads the Heart of every Humble Swain.
We from your Learning do expect the Truth,
To help the Aged, and Inſtruct the Youth;
And hope your good Example will afford,
The ſame Succeſs as Mighty *WILLIAM*'s Sword:
Conquer the Luſts and Vices of the Age,
Aſſwage their Fury, and appeaſe their Rage:
To ſtop a Torrent, when the Waves combine,
Requires a Courage and a Heat Divine:
To dare their Force, and with addreſs withſtand
The Impious Fury of a Sinful Land:
Such Mighty Actions never can be done,
But by the Hands of ſuch as *Tillotſon*;
'Tis not an eaſie ſtep to mount a Throne,
And pull an old Imperious Tyrant down.
Sin, like a Tyrant, with its Scepter Reigns,
And all the Pious Strength of Man diſdains;
A num'rous Train does to its Courts belong,
Its Slaves are Valiant and its Vot'ries ſtrong:
Juſt like a Rightful Monarch it appears,
And pleads Succeſſion of ſome Hundred Years;
Does for all Lewdneſs and each Vice declare,
And againſt Grace Proclaims an open War:
All its ſtrong holds with Art does fortifie,
And forms a Train of its Artillery:
Of Luſt, Ambition, and Inſatiate Pride,
Of Malice and Ten Thouſand Ills beſide;
Longing for Death, and Thirſting after Blood,
And the deſtruction of each thing that's Good.
This is the Enemy, my Lord, you muſt
Deſtroy, and lay its Honour in the Duſt;
Retrieve the Praiſe of Thread-bare Virtue's Fame,
And give't a Glorious and Immortal Name.

'Tis

'Tis true, the Buſineſs and the Work is hard,
But great's your Help, and great is your Reward.
The Mighty *WILLIAM* did the Scepter Sway,
When Men were Stubborn, and refus'd t'Obey;
A Moody People in a Nation Rul'd,
Had been with Folly and with Lewdneſs gull'd,
So Good, ſo Mild, ſo Gentle was his Sway,
The major part ſoon learned to Obey.
Nor is the Hierarchy, where you Command,
Much leſs Infeſted with the Sins o'th' Land;
Deſpotick Sway of late o'recame the Law,
And we the Ruins of our Freedoms ſaw:
Then Grave Divinity became a Cheat,
And fell and dwindled to I know not what:
Some for Preferment had their Faith forgot,
And gave their Hand to carry on the Plot;
Some Braves indeed (and theſe were not a few)
Kept to their Doctrines and their Country true,
Oppos'd our Foes, and our Reſtorer ſerv'd,
And never yet have from his Intereſt ſwerv'd.
The Glory of our Faith you muſt retrieve,
And a new Life muſt to Religion give,
And make our Clergy good Examples live.
Thus by your Sway we hope for better times,
Men ſhall hate Vice, and ſhall abandon Crimes;
The Shame of Sinning ſhall its uſe unlearn,
And Men by Virtue ſhall their Worth diſcern,
The Prieſts no longer ſhall be ſteep'd in Sloth,
And 't ſhall be Scandal to refuſe the Oath;
Nor ſhall Opinion one another blame,
The *Wolf* ſhall ſlumber with the tender *Lamb*;
Our Tuneful Bards exalted Notes ſhall raiſe,
And Sing the Monarch's, and the Biſhop's Praiſe.

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